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Wanted -- A Partner

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WANTED--A PARTNER

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

BY
FLOE BAKER

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WANTED—A PARTNER

SCENE.—*Hotel Parlor.*

CHARACTERS: 2 males, 1 female.

EVELYN LAPOINT *Actress, who has advertised for partner for Vaudeville Act*

FRITZ MEYERS *A German Musician and applicant for the partnership with Evelyn*

HEINE HOFFENDINGER *A German singer and dancer. Also applicant for partnership. Made up identical.*

WANTED—A PARTNER

(At opening of Act EVELYN is discovered seated at piano.)

E.—*(after finish of song)* Gee! but this is a sleepy town, I have had an ad in the paper for a Vaudeville partner for two days and haven't received a single application. *(picks up paper and reads)* Wanted—A German Comedian to take part in Vaudeville Act. Must be able to do specialties, apply in person to Miss Evelyn LaPoint, (local hotel). If I don't have an applicant to-day, I shall begin to think they don't know what a German Comedian is around here. *(crosses from piano to table as she gives last lines and sits with head on hands in a very thoughtful mood)* Poor Old Jack, if he had only lived. For nearly two years we were together, and in those two years we had some mighty hard times, I'll tell you. But Jack always stuck to me all through our hard luck, like the good old pal that he was, and just when things were beginning to look brighter—just when we were making good, the final curtain was rung down on poor Jack, for one evening just before the performance, he was brought to my dressing room dead. Had been struck by an automobile. If he had only lived everything would have been different. But Oh! Pshaw! what is the use thinking of how things might have been. *(crosses to*

piano, begins to hum some tune and accompaniment, thoughtfully)

(Noise heard outside as of someone in argument.)

I wonder what all this noise is about. *(rises and starts toward center door)*

(Enter HOFFENDINGER backwards, still in argument with someone on the outside.)

H.—Go on, there, you great big—vot you t'ink I am? Try to tell me I don't know—etc. *(turns and sees EVELYN)* Say, vot you t'ink of that feller try'n' to tell me I look like (some notable local character).

E.—*(laughs)* Well, you do resemble him some, but say, who are you and what are you doing here?

H.—Vy I'm Heine Hoffendinger, der great German impersonater. *(pulls paper from his pocket)* Say, are you der lady vot wants a German Comedians for a partner?

E.—I am Miss Evelyn LaPoint, the lady who inserted that advertisement in the paper for a German Comedian to do specialties in my Vaudeville Act.

H.—Vell, I'm it.

E.—Your what?

H.—Vot you said.

E.—Oh! you are a German Comedian, are you?

H.—Dot's vot I am.

E.—Well, what can you do, Dutchy?

H.—Vell, I can drink beer, unt eat sauerkraut, unt limberger cheese, unt—

E.—*(interrupting him)* No! No! I mean what can you do on the stage. Can you sing?

H.—Yah! I can sing unt tance, unt spooch poultry.

E.—You mean speak poetry.

H.—Yah! dot's it.

E.—Well, let's hear you sing, Dutchy.

H.—*(facing audience down in one)* Ladies

unt what came mit you, I vill sing to you a very peautiful liddle ballad, word by (*local grocery firm*) unt moosic by (*local hardware*) entitled—Ven your money is gone I'll still love you, but I can't be mit you. (*parody accompanied by E. Short dance following parody*)

E.—(*after dance runs to where H. is and shakes him by the hand*) Say, Dutchy, you are all right. I think you will do very well for the Act. Now listen! You go in that room and get those clothes off. You will find a costume in there, put it on and come back, then we will rehearse our Act. Hurry now. (*exit H. L. 2 E.*) At last I have another partner. While he is changing I will run over that new song I received to-day. (*sits at piano and begins to sing. Ring at door bell*) Now, I wonder who that can be? (*crosses to door*)

(*Enter MEYERS.*)

E.—(*looks from him to L. 2 E.*) Where did you come from, and how did you get in here?

M.—Troo der door. How did you expect I come in here, down der chimney?

E.—Didn't I tell you to go in the other room and get those clothes off?

M.—(*frightened*) Vot? Get my clothes off? (*aside to audience*) Say, dot vomans is crazy.

E.—Hurry up now, and do as I tell you or we won't have time for rehearsal. (*starts to push him towards L. 2 E.*)

M.—(*trying to stop her*) Vait a minute. (*pulls paper from pocket*) Are you der vomans vot advertised vor a German specialist to do comedian?

E.—I told you once before that I was the lady who inserted that ad in the paper.

M.—(*aside*) She told me vonce pefore. Dot vomans is getting crazier all the time. (*to E.*) Say,

vomans, der must be some mistake here, you didn't tell me nothin'.

E.—Who are you? Isn't your name Hoffendinger?

M.—Vy no, my name is Fritz Meyers, dot great Germain Musicianer. I'm a cousin to John Philip Susan.

E.—(*sits to piano*) Oh, a great musician, eh? Well, what can you play?

M.—Shoost wait a minute, I vill show you. (*pulls trombone from trouser pockets, one piece at a time*)

E.—Oh! I see a trombone Soloist. Say, Dutchy, where did you get that diamond shirt stud?

M. Vell, you see mine brudder diet last week.

E.—Your brother died?

M.—Yes, unt shust before he diet he called me to his petside und he says: Fritz, I am apout to tie. I t'ink I can trust you to see that I am buried all right. I only haf fife hundret tollars. Here it is. I want you to take, it unt go py a stone mit it.

E.—Well?

M.—Vell, dot's de stone.

(*Trombone solo accompanied by E. After solo, enter HOFFENDINGER from L. 2 E., speaking as he enters.*)

H.—(*has corset in his hand*) Say, is dis der costum vat you wanted me to put on?

(*HOFFENDINGER and MEYERS see each other at the same time. Stare steadily at each other for short time, then start towards each other cautiously, both speaking at the same time.*)

M. and H.—Say, am I you or are you me. No. Then who the devil are you? I don't know. (*short pause, each of them pinched himself to see if he is dreaming*)

M.—(*boastingly*) Vy, Meyers is my name, I am der great German Mucicianer vot di lady haf engaged for her Act.

H.—(*same tone*) I peg your pardon, but der young lady haf alreaty sphoken to me to take the part.

E.—Well, boys, we will easily settle that dispute. I have decided to use you both in my Act. Now I am going to go in the next room and dress for the Act, and then we will have a rehearsal. In the meantime you boys make yourselves right at home, and amuse yourselves until I return. (*exit L. 2 E. Business of flirting with them as she exits*)

M. and H.—Toodle—oo—Oh you kid—etc., etc.

H.—Vell, Meyers, can you tance?

M.—Can I tance? Shoost vatch me. (*does funny dance across the stage*) How vas dot?

H.—Pooty goot. Let's try dis von togedder.

TEAM DANCE.

(*After dance, enter E. L. 2 E., does dance across the stage.*)

E.—Well, boys, what do you think of me now? (*funny biz of looking at short skirts. Both try to embrace her at once*)

E.—(*stopping them*) No! No! None of that, boys. Come now and help me with this song

SONG FOLLOWED BY TRIO DANCE.

TIME, 18 Minutes.

By FLOE BAKER.

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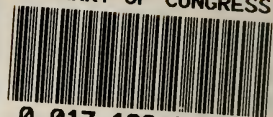
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